

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

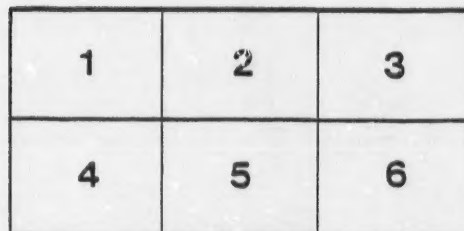
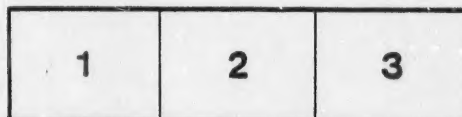
The Nova Scotia
Legislative Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol ➡ (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▼ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

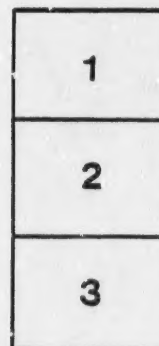
The Nova Scotia
Legislative Library

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

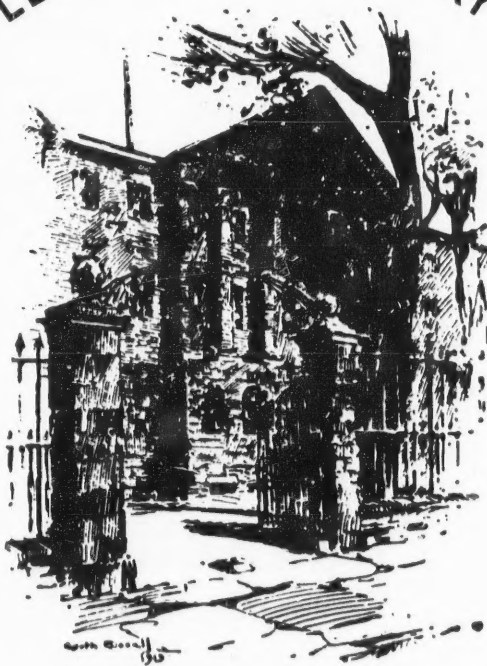
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole ➡ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▼ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



NOVA SCOTIA
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY



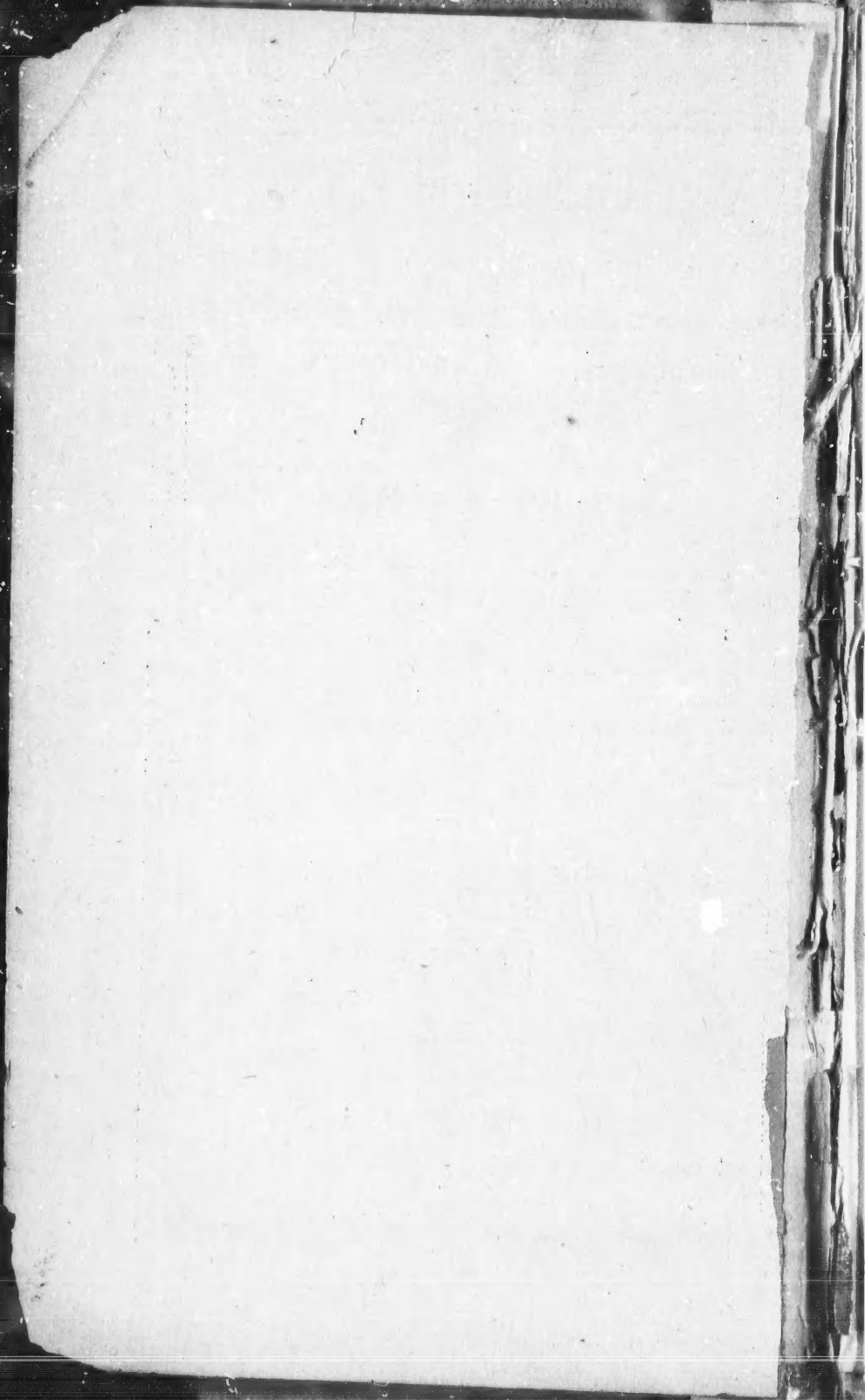
PROVINCE HOUSE

1302 786

THE
WAR IN THE EAST:
The Principals in the strife; and
its probable issue.

A LECTURE,
DELIVERED IN CHARLOTTETOWN, APRIL 28, 1854,
BEFORE THE
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION,
BY THE
REV. J. B. NARRAWAY.

CHARLOTTETOWN:
POWER PRESS OF GEO. T. HAZARD, QUEEN SQUARE,
1854.



TH

DI

POW

THE

WAR IN THE EAST:

THE PRINCIPALS IN THE STRIFE; AND ITS

PROBABLE ISSUE.

A L E C T U R E ,

DELIVERED IN CHARLOTTETOWN, APRIL 28, 1854.

BEFORE THE

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION,

BY THE

REV. J. R. NARRAWAY.

CHARLOTTETOWN :

POWER PRESS OF GEO. T. HASZARD, QUEEN SQUARE,

1854.

NS

940.29

N

WAR IN THE EAST

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR, AND THE

PROGRESS OF THE

A FURTHER

EXPLORATION OF THE HISTORY, AND THE

PROGRESS OF THE

EXPLORATION OF THE HISTORY, AND THE

PROGRESS OF THE

EXPLORATION OF THE HISTORY, AND THE

CHARACTER OF THE

CHARACTER OF THE

4561

THE

WAR IN THE EAST:

The Belligerents; and the probable issue.

A LECTURE.

THE man who is indifferent to his country's fame and fate, is unworthy of her protection and care. Could a Briton, or a British subject prove thus unpatriotic, he would merit the abhorrence of every rightly constituted mind,—for cold, indeed, and dead to every generous emotion, must that heart be that remains unmoved in the presence of the splendid memorials of Britain's glorious past; that can survey her commanding station in the van of civilization, of science and of freedom, without admiration; or can behold the dark clouds of angry strife now gathering over her pathway, without a profound and anxious sympathy. A sister colony has but recently given expressive utterance to her sympathy for the mother land, in tones which will delight the illustrious wearer of England's crown, and thrill with feelings of kindred loyalty the brave hearts of the distant dwellers on the outermost boundaries of British rule. Nova Scotia, by the unanimous vote of her Legislature, assures the Queen of England of unswerving loyalty, and gladly assumes to herself

the task of defending Her Majesty's forts and protecting her arsenals, should the gallant soldiers who now perform that duty be required at the seat of war, to sustain on the ensanguined field their country's fame.

And we, insignificant as is our isolated Island-home, both in extent and population, cherish feelings of the deepest interest in all that affects the glory and prosperity of our fathers' land. At this moment Great Britain is in deadly conflict with the greatest military power on the globe, fighting the battles of national freedom, national progress and national right. We desire to know who are the parties by whom England has been drawn into this contest; what interests she has involved in the struggle; and we shall attempt to conjecture what may ultimately be the issue thereof.

Turkey and Russia are the principals in the war. There was a time when Turkey was the mightiest existing empire—a time when her possessions were vast, her armies invincible, and her power the terror of Europe. Under the sway of Solyman the Magnificent, the Ottoman flag waved in triumph from Algiers to beyond the Euphrates—from the farthest extremity of the Black Sea to Greece and Epirus. And though sadly mutilated on almost every side since then, Turkey is still an important member of the family of nations. She is bounded on the north by the Caucasus, by the Black Sea and by Russia; on the west, by Austria; on the south, by the Mediterranean and by Arabia; and on the east, by Persia. Within these boundaries lie some of the fairest and finest portions of the whole earth—rich in natural resources—rich in commanding positions—richer still in historic associations. These are lands of surpassing interest to the scholar. Egypt is there—Egypt, the birth-place and nursery of civilization—along the banks and valley of whose fructifying

rive
of C
cou
phi
wh
wh
and
vict
got
nov
secr
emp
Cha
her
ing
anc
in t
dim
in v
bloo
mon
the
or t
turn
Ale
wor
the
S
and
of th
Lea
Tro
his
the
—h
as
wer
imm

river lie entombed the gigantic ruins of the temples of Carnac, of Luxor, of Edfou—Egypt, which once could boast of the proud City of the Sun, of Memphis, and Thebes with her hundred gates; and which still owns the mighty Pyramids, around whose hoary summits circling centuries have rushed, and at whose base powerful nations have fought for victory or for life. Nineveh, whose site was forgotten, and whose sculptured chronicles are only now disclosing to the antiquarian's curious eye the secrets and conquests, the life and the religion of the empire of Ninus; and "Babylon, the glory of the Chaldees' excellency," with her wonderful walls, her brazen gates, her temple of Belus and her hanging gardens,—Nineveh and Babylon, both seats of ancient and universal monarchy, were sepulchred in the soil over which the now waning crescent dimly shines. These are the countries, in part or in whole, over which, from the days of Nimrod, the bloody tide of conquest hath ebbed and flowed with monotonous regularity, as the passionate children of the south, the fierce shepherd warriors of the north, or the cruel tyrants of indigenous growth have in turn been victims or victors in hateful war. Here Alexander was born—here his chief battles were won—here his vices, mightier than his valor, slew the conqueror of the world.

Sacred to poetry, embalmed in deathless song, and never on earth to be forgotten, are the haunts of the Grecian muse. Near the Hellespont, in which Leander perished and which Xerxes bridged, stood Troy—here for weary years Agamemnon ranged his Grecian host—here Ulysses counselled—here the Grecian champion overcame the Trojan hero—here rival Gods and Goddesses in human form, as Poets sang, mingled in fratricidal strife—here were wrought deeds of wondrous heroism which immortal genius hath enshrined in immortal verse.

Within the Turkish boundaries also the snowy Olympus, seat of imperial Jove, rears its lofty head—here too is the sweet vale of Tempe—here flow the Halys, the Hebrus, the Meander. And the lands which Grecian muses sang, Grecian art adorned. Ionia in Asia Minor in its painting and sculpture and architecture rivaled the finest productions of the pencil and chisel of the artists of Athens and Corinth. These famed lands which have withered away beneath barbarous war and brutal misrule, were at different periods as distinguished for commercial opulence as for power and science and art. Gaza and Tyre, whose merchants were princes—Sidon, Damascus, Baalbec and Palmyra, Alexandria, long the commercial emporium of the civilized world, and Constantinople, with other cities scarcely inferior to many of those, were once renowned for their wealth—the industrial treasures of distant and numerous lands.

But more venerable to the CHRISTIAN's heart than to any others are those ancient countries. On the western borders of the Turkish Empire perhaps once flourished that delicious garden in which

“ the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar ; ”

and where the First Man fell beneath the tempter's power. Between the Tigris and the Euphrates dwelt Abraham when the command of God bade him go forth “ not knowing whither ” his footsteps might tend. There spent Jacob his long servitude for love of Rachel. Ishmael and Esau grew and prospered in the land now lying beneath the Moslem's feet. There also towers aloft that awful Horeb which trembled at the voice of God, when He descended to its cloud-pavilioned top. And

"beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth was mount Zion, the city of the Great King." How solemn, how touching, how subduing the memories which wake with the names of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, of Bethany, of Calvary! The cedar still waves on Lebanon—the dew still rests upon Hermon—"the little cloud" still rises from the shores of Carmel—the grapes ripen in Eschol—and the rose yet blooms in Sharon. The Assyrian and Chaldean, the Persian and the Greek, the Roman the Saracen and the Turk have swept over these glorious countries—but the genial climate the fertile hills, the fruitful vales, the irrigating rivers, the navigable seas, and the commanding positions remain unchanged.

Of this Ottoman Empire Constantinople is the centre and capital: and most worthy is it of this high pre-eminence. Situated nearly midway between the equator and the pole; holding in its hands the keys of two great navigable seas, around whose shores are stretched in almost boundless extent, the richest lands known to man, and into whose waters are poured the floods of the Don, the Dnieper, and the Danube, the Po, the Rhone, the Ebro, and the Nile; majestically rising upon seven hills, which give grace and beauty to the promontory which they crown; nearly surrounded with water, easily accessible, and easily defended; with a magnificent harbour in which the fleets of the world might safely ride,—Constantinople justifies the choice of its great founder, who made it the seat of empire when the Roman dominion had reached its point of culmination. The dedication of Byzantium by Constantine the Great occurred about the year A. D. 334. Its imperial founder gave it the name of New Rome, but a grateful people attached to it the more appropriate designation of Constantinople, by which name it has been known to western

Europe ever since, amid all the vicissitudes of its fate. This new mistress of the Roman world continued to be the seat of the Eastern division of the Latin Empire more than a thousand years after Old Rome was sacked by Alaric's valiant Goths.

Whence came the rude people that now hold sway over so large and fair a portion of the dominions of mighty Rome? In the sixth century an enslaved tribe of central Asia, toiled at the forges which blazed on the slopes of the Altai Mountains, where they fabricated arms for the dominant horde which oppressed and despised them. At a favourable moment, under the guidance of a brave and skilful leader, the subject race rose upon their oppressors, and after a fierce and bloody contest, almost exterminated them. Pursuing a rapid course of conquest, the victorious warriors reduced to their sway the countless hordes which roamed over the pastoral plains of northern and central Asia; and they founded a great Scythian Empire which reached from the Oxus to the frozen north, and from the frontiers of China to the boundaries of Persia. This powerful people became known to the Roman world under the name of Turks, when Justinian sat upon the tottering throne of the ancient Cæsars which was steadied for a time by the genius and valour of the great Belisarius; and when the fame of the Sassanidae was more than sustained upon the throne of Persia by the brilliant qualities of Nushirvan the Just. The Turkish power continued unbroken for about two hundred years, after which the Turkish race was scattered in independent communities from China to the banks of the Danube. These northern shepherds were often the slaves, the warriors, and not unfrequently the masters, of the degenerating dynasties of Western Asia. Among the princes of Turkish blood, that thus supplanted the native possessors of a foreign

throne, ranks pre-eminent Mahmud, the first Mahomedan conqueror of Hindostan, the unsparing rifler of its almost fabulous treasures, and the inflexible enemy of its debasing idolatry.

In the former part of the eleventh century the grandson of Seljuk, a Turkish Chieftain that had with his friends and vassals fled from Turkestan, was chosen by lot to ascend the throne of Persia, just rendered vacant by a Turkish victory. The chosen warrior, Togrul Beg, did honour to the choice by the exhibition of those barbaric virtues, which delight a brave but savage race. Two other great princes in turn succeeded Togrul Beg—Alp Arslan and Malek Shah under whom the Seljukian Turkish Empire obtained its widest limits—from Cashgar on the borders of China, to the vicinity of Constantinople. Upon the death of Malek Shah, the Turkish Empire was torn to fragments by civil war, from the confusion of which arose three Kingdoms, one of which, still ruled by a descendant of Seljuk, had Nice for its metropolis—a city situated in Asia Minor, a hundred miles from Constantinople. In the course of their conquests the Seljukian Turks captured Jerusalem; and by the barbarities they inflicted upon the Christian pilgrims and clergy in that venerable city aroused the fierce fanaticism of Europe, just beginning to emerge from its state of ignorant barbarity.

At nearly the commencement of the thirteenth century the pastoral hordes of central Asia were again maddened with the lust of universal conquest; and under the leadership of Zenghis Khan, his lieutenants and his successors rolled the bloody and devastating tide of savage war from the Sea of Japan almost to the shores of the Baltic. In this terrible deluge the Seljukian dynasties all perished. But the Tartar power soon vanished from Asia Minor, and scarcely one hundred years from

the first victory of Zinghis, Othman, a Turkish robber chief, whose father had served the last of the Seljukian princes, descended through the passes of Mount Olympus into the plains of Bithynia, and laid anew the foundations of Turkish dominion, which, after its founder, bears the name of the Ottoman Empire.

A succession of valiant and able princes secured the extension of the Ottoman power on every side. The feeble provinces which yet submitted to the Byzantine sceptre were rudely torn away. The nations between the Danube and the Adriatic were reduced to Moslem sway. Amurath the First instituted the celebrated bands called *Yengi cheri*, or new soldiers, corrupted into Janizaries. These invincible troops, were in the first instance, composed of the flower of the captive Christian youth from the hardy races that inhabited Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia and Albania—they were educated in the faith of the Koran, and carefully trained to arms; and they bore the silver crescent of the Osmanlees triumphant over many a terrible field of blood. But in the year 1402 Bajazet the Turkish Sultan, surnamed The Lightning, was utterly defeated by the dreaded Tamerlane, another Mogul conqueror who emulated the example of the renowned Zinghis Khan.

The Turkish power, though well-nigh uprooted by the terrific tempest, survived its losses, and shot forth more vigorously than ever. In the year 1453 Mahomet the Second took Constantinople, terminated the mockery of a Greek Empire, and made the captive city the seat of Ottoman rule.

For a considerable period subsequent to the capture of the City of Constantine, the Turks kept Europe in constant alarm. They subdued the Ukraine; they swept over Hungary; they invaded Italy; Rhodes, though defended by the Knights of St. John who performed prodigies of valour, fell

before the overwhelming assaults of the Ottoman legions; Candia after one of the most fiercely contested sieges known to History yielded to Turkish valour; Egypt, and the land of Hannibal, of Augustin and of Cyprian lay at the foot of Ottoman supremacy.

But the Moslem waves broke in vain upon the rocks of Malta; the pale crescent went down in a sea of blood at Lepanto, where Don John of Austria destroyed the Turkish fleet, and delighted the Roman Pontiff, who exclaimed in ecstasy, when first informed of the Ottoman disaster, "There was a man who was sent from God, and his name was John." The Polish Hero, Sobieski rolled back the tide of Mahommedan victory from the gates of Vienna; and Prince Eugene, the worthy compeer of our own victorious Marlborough, terribly avenged the wrongs of Christian nations at the battle of Zenta.

At last the well disciplined forces of the Christian Powers, obtained permanent superiority in the art of war, over the dashing Spahis of Asia Minor, and the unprogressive obstinacy of the factious Janizaries. Statesmanship and genius seemed to have deserted the sons of Othman. Feebleness and stupidity in the cabinet, were but poorly compensated by stupid valour, and imbecile leadership in the field. The invincible Turk, long the terror of Europe, sank beneath its contempt.

Stripped of important territory by Russia on the shores of the Black Sea and on the north of the Danube; weakened by losses which enriched Venice, Poland and Austria, enfeebled by its own rebellious vassals, who broke the fetters that bound them to the Ottoman throne; Greece independent; Northern Africa gone; Egypt, and Syria, wrested from its grasp; — the Turkish Empire appeared to be dying of inanition, or patiently waiting for death

beneath the next assault of its hungry and rapacious foes.

The first Othman Princes were most able rulers, many of them successful warriors down to the time of Solyman the Magnificent, who died in 1566—himself the ablest of them all. Unhappily for Turkish greatness, this Sovereign, desirous of preventing the recurrence of the rebellions so often caused by Princes of the Royal blood, ordained that in future, the heirs of the Turkish throne, should be confined to the harem, and educated among women and slaves, till they were drawn from their seclusion, to sway the sceptre of statesmen and heroes. The consequence of this change, has been visible in the marked degeneracy of the Turkish Sultans, who have, since the death of Solyman, been enthroned in the Golden Gate.

In 1826, the Sultan Mahmoud destroyed the Janizaries; these turbulent troops having often strangled the sovereigns, who sought to restrain their violence or improve their organization. The Turkish Sultan is an absolute Ruler—he is the Commander of the Faithful, the supreme spiritual head of the Orthodox Moslem Faith. There is no class of nobles in the Ottoman Empire. All Turks are nominally upon a level. All Christians were regarded as an inferior race, not permitted to serve in the Ottoman armies, and compelled to pay a degrading poll tax—they were not permitted to give testimony in a Mahomedan court of justice, and were often the victims of crushing misrule. Within the last twenty years, however, most remarkable improvements in the condition of the Turkish Empire, have taken place. The army has been disciplined and trained, according to European tactics, of which improvements, in the recent contests on the Danube, the Turks have reaped manifest advantage. Commerce has been considerably

extended. Religious liberty has been largely increased. The capitation tax has been abolished. The Christians of all denominations are being raised to an equality with those who long oppressed them.

The population of Turkey in Asia, is, at least, three-fourths Mahommedan, of which the larger part is of the Turkish race. But in Europe the Christians form by much the larger portion of the inhabitants of the Turkish provinces. Where no census is taken, it is impossible to arrive at a correct estimate of the population; and concerning Turkey the most conflicting statements are put forth. One of the latest authorities on this subject, estimates the entire population of the Ottoman Empire, including the Danubian Principalities, Egypt, Arabia, and Syria, which are scarcely more than nominally Turkish, at 34,500,000, irrespective of those doubtful dependencies at 14,000,000.

We will now direct our attention to the great nation, with whose gigantic forces Turkey has been necessitated to commence an unequal strife. Russia is the secret dread of continental Europe; but she has no charms for the scholar or the student. You turn in vain to her gloomy, repulsive and barbarous past for ought to awaken enthusiasm or to gratify the taste. In the palmy days of the Roman Empire, the barbaric world was divided into three great sections, differing from each other in language, in appearance and in customs. One great family of barbarous tribes roamed over the wide territory which lies north of the Oxus, and stretches from the Caspian Sea, to the frontier of China. From these vast regions came the Hun, the Turk, and the Tartar. Another rude and powerful race of men, tall in stature, noble in aspect, fair in complexion, fearing death less than servitude, cherished their wild valour in the dark forests of

Germany, around the fiords and amid the snows of Scandinavia. From these then rugged regions, issued forth the brave forefathers of the now polished nations of Western Europe. Midway between the haunts of the Tartar, and Teutonic races wandered the filthy hordes of Sarmatia. On the wide plains which lie within the boundaries of the Volga and the Vistula they found ample scope for rapine and war. In the centre of this immense country, over which for dreary ages had rested thick clouds of impenetrable darkness, were laid in the ninth century the foundations of the Muscovite rule. Ruric, a Scandinavian chieftain from Jutland it is said, inspired by the same love of spoil, and of conquest which prompted his daring race, at that period, to seek wealth and fame in distant adventures, migrated with his brothers and their followers to the land of the Russ. By energy and cunning this warlike chief in 862, established himself as Czar of Russia. His descendants occupied the Russian throne for more than seven hundred years. During this long period, and for a century longer, Russia was almost unknown to the progressive nations of Europe. Immersed in barbarism and superstition there was but little in common between her and those nations which had risen upon the ruins of the Roman world to a high eminence of superstition and science. But during less than two hundred years, under the early princes of the house of Ruric, the Russians, descending the Dnieper in numerous vessels of rude construction and diminutive proportions, four times in vain assaulted or attempted to capture Constantinople. Always baffled in their main object, they yet inspired with terror the effeminate Greeks, who trembled behind the walls of Constantine, alarmed by the prophecy that in the last days the Russian should possess Constantinople.

After various unsuccessful attempts by Missionaries from the Greek Church, at last under the reign of Vladimir the Great, Christianity according to the Greek ritual, became the religion of the Russian monarchy. In the thirteenth century, the Russians sank beneath the victorious march of the Tartar cavalry; and for two hundred years were enslaved by Tartar tyranny.

In 1689, a few months after William, Prince of Orange, had accepted the English Crown, thereby terminating the long continued strife between the parties who sought to reduce the English liberties beneath the sway of absolute despotism, and those who sought to extend and guard them by additional constitutional guarantees—a few months after this important epoch, a new era dawned for Russia in the accession of Peter to the throne of Muscovy. This distinguished Monarch, animated by the desire of placing his country upon a level with the great civilized nations of the world, displayed an energy and comprehensiveness of view, coupled with a tenacity of purpose which terminated in the most astonishing results. The story of his life reads more like the fabulous creations of oriental romance, than the truthful history of a real prince of the seventeenth century. After tremendous conflicts with Sweden, whose troops long invincible were led by that warlike madman, Charles XII.—Often defeated, yet never losing hope, fortune at last recompensed Peter's perseverance with brilliant success—the fatal battle of Pultowa broke the power of Sweden, and gave to the Russian hero lands and ports on the Baltic Sea; acquisitions long coveted, and once acquired, with the speed of magic turned to the best account. St. Petersburg rose upon the banks of the Neva as if by enchantment. The monarch who had wrought with his own hands in the dock yards of Amsterdam, and Portsmouth,

soon gave Russia a navy. The Arts were naturalized,—Schools were founded,—Science was fostered, and a spirit of progress breathed into the sluggish Slavonians of the Sarmatian plains, which threw off the chilling incubus of innumerable ages.

In the year 1762, Catherine II ascended the Russian throne, and though a much worse woman than the Tudor Elizabeth, she was as able a sovereign as the English Lioness. During the thirty-four years of Catherine's reign, the boundaries of the Russian Empire were immensely expanded; and its population, which at her accession was 25,000,000, at her death, amounted to 36,000,000. The rule of Alexander, the great admirer and then the great antagonist of Napoleon, still further enriched the Muscovite territory. The share which Russia had in the overthrow of the French Colossus, gave to the northern giant a preponderating influence in European councils and policy. Successful war against Turkey in 1828 and 1829, in which the Russian forces swept through the mountain passes of the Balkan, the natural bulwark of the Golden Horn, threw the enfeebled Turk at the feet of the mighty Autocrat of the North. Since 1815 especially, Russia has assumed an attitude of inextinguishable hostility to national freedom and constitutional liberty, wherever her brutal armies could overwhelm, her perfidious diplomacy distract, or her Ural gold corrupt.

The vast territory over which Nicholas now holds iron rule, extends from the Islands of the Baltic to the north-western coasts of America, and from the Arctic Sea to the mouths of the Danube, and the valleys of Georgia—at least one-tenth part of the habitable earth. At this moment the population of this great space cannot be less than 65,000,000. And though immense portions of the Russian dominions may be forever irreclaimable to

the purposes of man, yet a very large proportion of Russia's 7,000,000 of square miles possesses a soil of unsurpassed fertility, capable of sustaining a population many times greater than at present is there found. The Caspian, the Black, the Baltic, and the White Seas, are under Russian dominancy, and are all connected with each other by a system of river, and canal navigation. The Government of Russia is a pure despotism—the will of the Sovereign is absolute. The only restraints upon the exercise of that will are the feebly-felt public opinion of Constitutional Europe, and the dread of assassination by maddened subjects. Of the 65,000,000, which submit to the sway of the Emperor of all the Russias, 45,000,000, are serfs or slaves. There can be no doubt but that in a defensive war Russia could raise an army of a million of men. More than three-fourths of the Russian subjects are members of the Russo-Greek Church. In the provinces torn at different periods from Poland alone, there are now 20,000,000, of souls.

The Author of the work entitled, *Progress of Russia in the East*, describing that progress, has the following statements:—“Her acquisitions from Sweden are greater than what remains to that kingdom.

“Her acquisitions from Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian Empire.

“Her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions, exclusive of the Rhenish Provinces.

“Her acquisitions from Turkey in Asia, are nearly equal to the whole of the smaller states of Germany.

“Her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England.

“Her acquisitions in Tartary have an area not

inferior to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain.

"The Russian frontier has been advanced towards Berlin,—Dresden,—Munich,—Vienna and Paris, about 700 miles; Towards Constantinople, 500 miles—towards Stockholm, 630 miles—towards Teheran 1000 miles."

We will now refer to the causes which have involved these nations in the miseries and guilt of war. Louis Napoleon, raised to supreme rule in France, in pursuance of the policy which prompted the overthrow of the republicans who held sway in Rome, and the restoration of the Roman Pontiff to his throne, obtained a firman from the Ottoman Porte, declaring him, Louis Napoleon, Protector of the Holy Places. Under the influence of French diplomacy, which did not hesitate to threaten hostilities if its demands were not complied with, certain privileges were accorded to the Latin Church which had previously been shared in common with the Greek Church, or possessed by the Greek Church alone. These privileges seem to the eyes of a distant Protestant of the most trivial kind. Thus did they appear to the judgment of the Ottoman Porte. The Moslems of Syria have long gazed with wonder and contempt at the unseemly and violent struggles of Greek and Latin Christians, who have in murderous strife stained with Christian blood the floors of the venerable Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Mahomedan police has often kept the rival worshippers of the same God, from cutting each other's throats on what was deemed to be the very grave of the Redeemer of the world. The Czar professed high indignation at the favor shewn to the followers of the Latin Church; and he sent one of the highest dignitaries of his Court, Prince Menschikoff, to Constantinople to demand restitution or reparation. By the judicious aid of

the English and French diplomatists the question of the Holy Places was satisfactorily settled by the admission of Menschikoff himself. But meanwhile, this worthy representative of his rapacious master, endeavoured to alarm the Sultan into a secret treaty which, under penalty of Russian vengeance, was to be kept from the knowledge of the other European Powers. There were dignity and courage enough left in the bosom of the descendant of Solyman and Othman to reject the insulting proposal. Then it was that Menschikoff, with unheard-of insolence of speech, of manner, and of purpose, openly demanded a Convention to be entered into with Russia by the Sultan which should have the binding force of a solemn treaty. The object sought through such Convention was, to all intents and purposes, to make the Czar the virtual ruler of those Christian subjects of the Porte that belonged to the Greek communion—these in the European provinces of Turkey, are at least three-fourths of the population. Had this demand been complied with Turkey was lost. Consequent upon the Turkish refusal to commit national suicide, a powerful Russian army crossed the Pruth, and took military occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia, tributary dependencies of the Ottoman Porte. From these transactions arose the Eastern War.

Can charity itself believe that Russia was influenced in her demands, and in her subsequent proceedings by a pious regard for the sacred scenes of the Saviour's birth and burial; and by a generous sympathy towards her fellow religionists of the orthodox Greek rite? We have seen that for more than half a century, amid all the vicissitudes of rising and falling dynasties around her, Russia had pursued an unwavering course of aggrandizement, ---that Turkey, both in Asia and in Europe, had been bereft of some of her most valuable provinces.

But it was not enough that the Black Sea was fast becoming a Russian lake—that the mouths of the Danube were guarded by Russian cannon, or allowed to become unnavigable through Muscovite craft or negligence—that Servia was nominally under the Ottoman sway, but virtually under Russian influence—that Moldavia and Wallachia were half Russian already—all this was not enough. The crescent still glittered over the dome of St. Sophia—The Othman race still ruled around the Golden Horn—and the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont sealed the Mediterranean against the fleets of Sebastopol. Since the foundation of the Russian monarchy, Constantinople had been the object of the Scavonian's panting desire—Nicholas mistook desire for destiny. He was weary of waiting to clutch the coveted prize—there was danger in further delay. Turkey whom all men had thought dying, seemed to have passed the dangerous crisis of her fate. She had survived the loss of Greece. Egypt was no longer an object of dread. The latest discoveries in the military art were being introduced into the Ottoman armies; and discipline was superseding insubordination. Commerce was rapidly extending. Steamboats were plying upon the Turkish waters. The era of Rail-Roads and Electric Telegraphs was dawning upon the taciturn Turkmen. Newspapers were discussing politics in the Turkish capital. Mohammedan fanaticism was dying out; and the causes of Christian discontent were expiring. Protestantism fresh from Republican America had a legal standing in the dominions of the Sublime Porte; and built churches on the banks of the Euphrates and within the walls of Constantinople. An Anglican Bishop wore his mitre upon Mount Zion; and a Protestant ministry was re-lighting—re-trimmed—the quivering lamps of Smyrna. The

generous Sultan had dared to give an asylum to the patriots of Hungary.

There was progress everywhere. Turkey might be regenerated—nay become Protestant and free. If Egypt, “basest of kingdoms,” had awakened to new life, why might not Turkey do the same? Besides, France had founded a powerful colony in Algiers—she might extend her conquests, and the granary of Ancient Rome might again be enriched with golden harvests. The increase of French power in that direction might be destructive to Russian interests, and a barrier to Russian ambition. The Autocrat deemed it high time to be up and doing. He quietly but energetically made vast preparations. The hour seemed to be propitious. An excuse for quarrel presented itself. He could exhibit himself to his uninquiring minions as the champion of the Church whose temporal Head he claimed to be. He might expect but little interruption from neighbouring nations. Sweden and Denmark were too impotent to breathe disapprobation. Prussia owed Nicholas’s brother-in-law for King. Austria owed her existence to Russian aid, and could not forget the services that brought captive Hungary to her feet. France, if united in purpose and policy with England, could trouble his dreams—but would England trust the man whose uncle had died in St. Helena, and against whose dreaded ambition she had armed her militia?—would France ever forget or forgive the victors at Waterloo? But England herself had borne a principal part in the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino; had sanctioned Russian aggrandizement on the Danube. England too was busy in her workshops—at her looms, in her dockyards and at her mines. Peace Societies were lulling the British Lion to sleep. Cotton-lords, with Cobden as their prophet, were declaring that England’s great mission was to forge

ploughshares and print calicos for all mankind. Palmerston, whom Russia had never been able either to frighten or cajole, was no longer the guiding genius of England's foreign policy. Aberdeen was the Autocrat's "much esteemed friend," and Aberdeen was England's Prime Minister. Besides in particularly confidential conversations with the British Ambassador, Nicholas had striven "to come to an understanding" with the British Government respecting the disposal of the effects of the sick Moslem when he should become defunct. True, the British Government was unable to perceive those symptoms of rapid decay which the skilful Czar detected so clearly—but might not the certainty of possessing Candia and Egypt operate favorably on British vision? The opportunity appeared to be too ripe and too tempting for Nicholas not to pluck it.

Rejecting every proposal for peace, and for the withdrawal of his forces from the Danubian Principalities, the Czar has stooped to the most contemptible and unblushing falsehoods in furtherance of his objects, or in justification of his acts. "He has exhausted every modification of falsehood." He presumed to publish to the world the mendacious statement that his occupation of the Principalities was in consequence of the appearance of the Anglo-French fleet at Besika Bay, in the vicinity of the Hellespont—all Europe knowing the utter falsity of the assertion.

Violating the solemn laws of Heaven, committing robbery upon the territories of an unoffending Sovereign—with the lust of conquest in his heart, and lying words upon his lips, he calls upon the pious and enlightened serfs of his semi-barbarous realms to exclaim—"O Lord our Redeemer! whom shall we fear? May God be glorified, and His enemies be scattered."

Hitherto, in this great struggle, the Sublime Porte has acted with dignity, wisdom and courage. The Turks have never been cowards; and now better arms and better discipline are placing the Ottoman troops more upon an equality with the armies of the Russian Despot, than formerly. Many important successes won by the Turks during the course of the strife, demonstrate this. Nevertheless, there is no hope that Turkey, unaided by her western allies, could ultimately withstand the mighty armaments of the north. The Turks have never won fame upon the Sea. The fleet of Sebastopol forcing the Bosphorus, and the navies of Sveaburg, of Revel and of Cronstadt, sweeping through the Dardanelles, would meet in the harbour of Istamboul,—while an army of two hundred thousand men, which had poured its irresistible masses over the range of the Balkans, thundered upon the walls, and hurled its iron-storm upon the minarets of the Moslem Capital. Turkey would bite the dust.

Would the conquest of Turkey by Russia be beneficial to the inhabitants of the Turkish Empire? Not in a religious point of view—the Christians of Turkey, are, step by step, obtaining every religious right to which they are entitled. Not for the Jew, who cannot “forget thee, O Jerusalem,” would the change of masters be for the better—the numerous Jews of Russian Poland fare not so well as those of Turkish Syria. Not for commerce would it be better that the northern Bear should make his den in Constantinople—the Turkish tariff is one of the most moderate in the world—the Russian tariff one of the most restrictive. Assuredly not for the advantage of civil liberty, of political freedom would the Russian knout take the place of the Ottoman bastinado. Both the Sultan and the Czar are despotic sovereigns—but the absolutism of the Czar is

more energetic than that of the Sultan; and the municipal institutions of Turkey, with time and the kindly sympathy of more advanced nations, might more readily and naturally be expanded into self-governing appliances than ough that Russian centralism permits.

But if Nicholas were enthroned at Constantinople, in what aspect would Russia appear to the other nations of Europe and of the East? The phantom of a Greek Kingdom would vanish like a morning cloud. The woody slopes of newly acquired mountain regions would give ships; and the sea-loving people of the Grecian coasts and Grecian Isles would furnish seamen; which with the Baltic Squadrons would ensure to Russia an overwhelming supremacy on the seas. Turkey subdued; Persia, already weakened by Muscovite conquests, would fall speedily and ignobly. Syria is the highway to Egypt—one campaign would give to Russia the land of the Ptolemies. The waters of the Red Sea and of the Persian Gulf would float the navies of Russia. The Russian Flag would wave in triumph over the fortresses that guard the Afghanistan frontier of Persia. The dashing Afghan would be compelled to recede before the Cossack and the countless bayonets of the hardy North. Russian gold and the proverbial perfidy and cunning of Russian diplomacy would corrupt, and then excite the native races of Hindostan against British rule. Russian fleets could land the veteran legions of the Czar on the banks of the Ganges, while upon the banks of the Indus the scattered British regiments would be bravely battling against the mighty hordes that had rushed down from the Highlands of Asia to prey upon the passive millions of Hindostan. In such a conflict England might be able to call to her standard on the Indian plains, five hundred thousand men of

whom fifty thousand might be British—could the Sepoys even if loyal to British supremacy, be trusted in the shock with the hardiest race of Northern Europe? To my mind it is clear that in such a tremendous struggle India must be wrested from the British Crown. For at the first disaster which befell England's armies, a cloud of enemies would rise around her gallant bands; and subject nations that now tremble at her power, would then hasten to avenge their overthrow. India lost—the supremacy of the seas departed from dear Old England—her commerce crippled—her liberty threatened—she must descend to the humble position of a third-rate power.

More fatal still to Austria than to Britain would be the triumph of Russia over Turkey. In full possession of the Danube, and the Turkish provinces which lie adjacent thereto, it would be a mere matter of taste whether the Austrian territories should be incorporated with the Muscovite dominions, or still be nominally ruled by a scion of the House of Hapsburg—the shadow of the Czar. Italy both by land and sea would be accessible to Russian ambition; and in its divided and degenerate state would present few obstacles to Russian progress. Prussia and Germany are even now overshadowed by the northern terror that stands threateningly upon their borders. Of Denmark it seems unnecessary to speak—the early haunts of the Sea-Kings have always produced good seamen—they would help to man the Russian navies.

But France, so compact---so powerful---so brilliant and brave---could she not cope with the hordes of the Czar?---not if embattled Europe marched under his banners.

In short, it appears as though Turkey is in reality the battle ground of the mighty principles of freedom and despotism. Let Russia engorge herself

with Turkey---let this dangerous Power entrench herself on the Thracian Bosphorus, and silently lay deep the foundations of her rule in Western Asia; and Russia will have a more favourable and marvelous concurrence of position and power and prospect for the establishment of Universal monarchy than had the mighty Tartars of Zenghis Khan whose terrible cavalry swept from the Chinese Sea to the Vistula.

England and France are alive to the dangers which threaten them—they comprehend the magnitude of the interests involved in the pretensions and preparations of the Czar. Happily in this case the national safety and the defence of the right are identical. But had it been otherwise—had the Sultan of Turkey, been the aggressor—the wanton destroyer of the peace of nations—England and France, unless infatuated, could not allow Turkey to become Russian prey. Turkey is the Thermopylae of civilization—of human progress—of national freedom—it must be defended at every hazard. England and France would be compelled to fight Russia, even if they permitted her to subdue Turkey—to fight under vast disadvantages. The all-but-perfect unanimity of the public sentiment in England, in reference to this War, rests upon the not-openly-expressed but profound conviction that British glory, British power and British freedom have a mighty stake in the strife. Too reluctant to believe in the rapacious designs of Nicholas have English statesmen been—too dilatory in meeting with promptitude the exigencies of the case—the massacre at Sinope should have been prevented—the line of the Danube, ought to have been defended. The enthusiasm of all classes in England, hath girt up the energies of the nation,—and War, now fully entered on, we may expect to be prosecuted with vigour—we hope with success.

The gallant men who to fight their country's battles have left their glorious home—the asylum of broken-hearted patriots—the palladium of constitutional liberty—carry with them not only the honour of their country, but the admiration, the respect, the sympathy, the heart-prayers of every true British soul from the illustrious Lady, the model English mother that wears her ancestral crown, to the barefooted urchin in the streets whose thin blood warms at the sound of the fife and drum. What more touching than the prayer of the aged veterans of Greenwich Hospital, with the wear and tear, the scars and snowy locks of three score-years and ten, craving their sovereign's permission to go forth on the briny deep, to fight her battles against the common foe. One could wish that Arthur Wellesley with his patient valour, his comprehensive generalship, his eagle glance, his prompt decision, were back to his country in her hour of need from his quiet slumbers—back as when in full development of his great powers he overthrew the most brilliant warrior of modern times. But one of Wellesley's most distinguished Captains will at the head of England's hosts, we trust, fully sustain his former fame.

But since the death of Nelson at Trafalgar, England has had no worthier son "to guide her march upon the mountain wave" than Charles Napier who will, all men believe, achieve whatever Providence shall permit to careful deliberation, cool self-possession and an almost miraculous daring. He has led into the Baltic the most powerful fleet that ever floated upon the deep. It will be a magnificent sight to see such troops as those of England and France, side by side, defending the sacred rights of nations, and of human progress; and it is a striking exhibition of the vicissitudes of human affairs that the heiress of George III. finds her firmest and

faithfullest ally in the heir of Napoleon Bonaparte in a mighty struggle of nations in which the most precious interests of Great Britain are at stake.

The stirring historic recollections associated with the theatre of this war—the power and renown of the combatants—and the mighty interests involved in its issues, fix the attention of all men upon it. What will be the results?—is an enquiry upon every tongue. I do not address myself to this question in the light of prophecy; I shall not attempt to expound the mysterious symbols of the Apocalypse, or to interpret the dark, the sacred dreams of Daniel;—I am incompetent to the task. I am familiar with the theories of the principal schools of prophetic interpretation. I dare not say that none of these have guessed the meaning of the sublime visions of the ancient seers in regard to the grand outline, or some of the most prominent features of the dimly-shadowed course of Divine Providence; but I have no assurance that even the first principles of their systems are correct. And although many learned and holy men have specially devoted themselves to the study of sacred Prophecy; and some of them have produced works exhibiting much learning and great ingenuity, and which, as intellectual productions, command respect,—yet no department of Biblical science has been more crowded than the walk of Prophetic Interpretation with vain, self-sufficient and frenzied pretenders to a knowledge of unravelled mysteries—pretenders whose loud-sounding dogmatism has been clamorous and imperious in proportion as it has been accompanied by a logic that dispensed with all the rules of philosophical induction—that was bold in unsupported assertions—that in trivial coincidences saw undoubted corroboration, and in fanciful analogies, irrefragable evidence. I mean not by this that the Christian believer should not prayerfully study the

Prophecies of the Holy Word,—far from it; I only mean, that I cannot attempt to inform you what will be the issues of the Eastern War from my study of the Sacred Oracles;—that I cannot confide in the truthfulness of any of the theories of interpretation which have been put forth,—some of them may be in part correct, but I have no satisfactory evidence thereof. Providence is the unerring interpreter of Prophecy; and the man, or the nation that shall be found at the post of duty, “doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God,” will be prepared for all the disclosures of that Providence, startling and unexpected as they may prove to be.

As a student of History, reasoning from the principles which History develops, and from the position and power of the nations interested in the War, I shall modestly, under different suppositions, enquire into its probable results. I have already indicated the opinion, that if Turkey were left to fight her battles unaided by the Western Powers, she must ultimately be wholly subdued; and that then if Russia were permitted quietly to fortify her position in the East, and to add the vast resources of Turkey and Greece to those already in her possession, Russia would have the finest prospect before her of Universal Empire in the Old World that ever presented itself in the history of man—an Empire that might reach from the waters of the Atlantic that roll in upon the coast of Portugal and the sands of the Bay of Biscay, to the eastern shores of Japan, which are laved by the Pacific waves; and from the North-west Cape of Siberia to Cape Comorin, on the coast of Malabar.

England and France, as I have already shown, could not, unless smitten with judicial blindness, permit Turkey to fall if it were in their power to prevent it. But England and France will put forth the whole

power of their empires to defeat the Russian designs. Very much will depend upon the positions which Austria and Prussia may finally take, whether the War be short or protracted. The contiguity of Austria especially to the chief scene of conflict, gives her great importance in this struggle. If Austria and Prussia were to unite heartily with England and France in requiring Russia at once to withdraw her forces from the Principalities, and make peace with Turkey, relinquishing at the same time all pretensions to the right of interference in the internal affairs of Turkey, whether that right has been guaranteed by treaties formerly wrung from the Porte in the hour of disaster, or only recently put forth by the ambitious Czar,—if Austria and Prussia would unite with the other Western Powers to insist upon this, and follow up the refusal of Russia to comply, with the march of a hundred and fifty thousand men into Wallachia, the immense Russian army now manœuvring on the north and south banks of the Danube would be surrounded on all sides by superior forces, and captured or destroyed. Without the aid of Prussia this could be easily effected. Were Austria to do this, she would endear herself to the civilized world—to the friends of freedom all over the earth. Austria has only to cross her Transylvanian frontier, and she cuts off Russia from the base of her operations and the supplies and reinforcements, which the Russian armies can only obtain by land, because the allied fleets prevent all communication between the Russian ports on the Black Sea and the Russian armies along the Danube. This decisive step on the part of Austria would break the chain of tutelage in which she has of late years been bound to Russia. It is of the utmost importance to Austria that her great river, the Danube, should not remain in Russian hands. But it may be enquired, whether Austria could safely

act with such decision ;—could she venture to send more than a hundred thousand men to the field of combat, when Hungary and Lombardy are ripe for rebellion, and eager for the moment when vengeance shall be consummated upon their oppressors for the atrocities of Haynau and Jallachich, the treason of Georgey, the violation of ancient constitutions, and the cold-blooded cruelties which Austrian minions have perpetrated under the reign of martial law ?

Let the young descendant of Rodolph, that wears the crown of St. Stephen of Hungary, give back to the gallant Magyars their venerable Constitution ;—let him throw himself upon the people, and rule for them, and not for the mighty Spoiler of the North,—and the sons of the men, who, against mighty odds, swore fealty and devotion to the brave-hearted Maria Theresa, will rally around the standard of the House of Hapsburg, and burn with martial ardor to meet the brutal legions that trampled down the honor of Hungary in the dust. Let the Emperor of Austria relax his iron rule in Lombardy,—let him permit the glorious country that is being suffocated beneath Austrian despotism to breathe freely,—to regain a moderate share of freedom,—to regain the right to speak, to read and to hope ;—let him do this, and the Lombards will swell the Austrian ranks as grateful volunteers.

But it is doubtful whether humanity can expect more from Prussia and Austria than timid neutrality. The heroic age has passed away from the Houses of Hapsburg and Brandenburg,—respect for the liberties of men never characterized those dynasties. Despotisms in dotage, like that of Austria, are blind in their selfishness, and cruel as they get weak ; hence, while they are cowards abroad, they are doubly tyrants at home. Let, then, Austria and Prussia remain neutral, in our next supposition : what, in

such a case, might we reasonably expect? The military resources of Turkey, France and England combined are greatly superior to those of Russia. The soldiers of England and France are the best in the world, and they are the best officered in the world. The navies of England and France are more than a match for the fleets of all nations besides. Every thing that science, and art, and bravery, and skill can contribute to render the forces of England and France irresistible, will be secured. The Russian ships of war will rot in their harbors, or be swept from the face of the seas. And I cannot but think that, unless there is miraculous generalship on the part of Russia, and miraculous imbecility on the part of the Allies, the Russians will find the state of affairs somewhat altered from what existed in 1829, when, having command of the Black Sea, (England had herself inflicted a death-blow upon the naval power of the Porte in the battle of Navino,) Russia overcame the brave, but ill-disciplined Moslems, and might have stormed Constantinople itself. Now, the Russians are powerless by sea; while, wherever it may be possible for the Allied fleets to assist military operations, the Allied armies will possess the advantage of such aid and co-operation. A hundred thousand French and English soldiers between the Danube and Constantinople, with the Turkish forces—which, number for number, have proved themselves, so far, every way equal to the Russian soldiers—will hurl back the invaders to the left of the Danube, and then chase them beyond the Pruth. Sebastopol will probably be bombardod, and its fortresses dismantled, or handed over to the Sultan. The heroic Circassians, fully armed, and supplied with munitions of war, and aided by the movements of the Turkish Asiatic forces, will rush forth from their strongholds, and make sad havoc in the ranks of the Russian army of the Cauca-

sus
flee
Sw
pre
dis
ala
also
the
pre
dit
Por
the
ject
flee
prim
bes
and
gul
the
arm
wou
the
who
such
Dur
cou
tha
tent
lan
stri
resc
aver
T
assu
they
the
with

sus, now cut off from the Euxine. The Anglo-French fleet in the Baltic will overawe the Northern Powers, Sweden, Denmark and, to some extent, Prussia, and preserve them from the pressure of any overwhelming display of force by which Russia might attempt to alarm them into alliance with her. That fleet will also hermetically seal the Baltic against the egress of the Russian Baltic ships of war, which, but for the presence of the Allied navy, would be off to the Mediterranean, sustaining Greece in an onset upon the Porte, cannonading Turkish cities, or preying upon the commerce of the Allies. Another important object which will be accomplished by the combined fleets in the Baltic, will be the diversion from the principal seats of war of an immense number of the best troops of the Russian army, to keep Poland quiet and to garrison the chain of fortresses which line the gulfs of the Russian Baltic. If nothing more than these objects were to be accomplished by the mighty armaments of Britain in the northern seas, they would prove of immense advantage to the Allies in the general conduct of the War. But the country whose unequalled naval glory was chiefly won by such heroes as Blake and Drake, Rodney and Howe, Duncan and Jervis, and that embodiment of naval courage and genius, Horatio Nelson,—the country that inherits the fame of these heroes will not be content if Napier, leading the most powerful fleet England ever sent to sea, do not win an earldom, by striking a blow at the insolent Autocrat which shall resound throughout the world. He will do it, and avenge the cowardly and ruthless carnage of Sinope.

The position which England and France have assumed in relation to this War,—the important part they will sustain in it,—the stipulations in favor of the Christian subjects of the Sultan they have made with him,—will place the Czar at great disadvantage

in his attempt to make it appear that this is a war of religion in favor of the Orthodox faith. None but the most besotted of Russian serfs will be deceived by the plea of defending the Orthodox faith. The first disastrous event of magnitude to the Russian arms may lead to the assassination of the Czar: and he who, in his proud ambition, sought the crown of Universal Empire may find instead a bloody grave. Tradition asserts that assassination is the usual malady of which the occupants of the throne of St. Petersburg die. A new sovereign would probably adopt a new policy, and make peace. Upon the supposition that Austria and Prussia remain neutral, it seems tolerably certain that the Russians will be driven out of the Turkish territories—that the mouths of the Danube will be recovered from Russian sway—that the navies which, with immense pains and expense, Russia has created, will be destroyed—and the degrading treaties which formerly bound Turkey to Russia flung to the winds.

But it is by no means certain that Austria and Prussia, will remain neutral, or if not neutral that they will take the part of Turkey, France, and England. In the nefarious partition of unhappy Poland, Russia, Austria and Prussia, were accomplices; and it is anything but impossible that Russia, may succeed in tempting her former fellow-robbers to aid her in the intended dismemberment of Turkey. Prussia, it is true, from its position could not take a slice of Turkey—but she might hope for, and Russia would readily promise, the addition of, Holstein, Mecklenburg, and Hanover, possession of which would greatly strengthen Prussia.

Austria too might not be insensible to the proffered bribe of new provinces in Italy, Germany and Turkey—Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, might be offered in Italy---Bavaria, and Westphalia in Germa-

ny---and Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and part of Albania---or from Widin on the Danube to the Gulf of Drino on the Adriatic Sea. Would Russia hesitate to offer such a bribe if by it she deemed herself sure of obtaining Constantinople, and all that Constantinople would ensure to her? Would Austria hesitate to accept so mighty a bribe if it were held out to her? Suppose then that under such inducements Prussia and Austria were to make common cause with Russia, what would be the possible issue? Alas! a long and terrible strife in which all Europe must be arrayed on one side or the other would then ensue---a deluge of blood would roll over the continent from end to end---a deluge in which the land-marks of many nations would be swept away, and many shattered thrones of the old world sink like lead. Austria and Prussia could bring no naval resources to their ally. The overwhelming naval strength of England and France would remain undiminished. The character of the War would assume a new aspect---it would not, of course, be a religious war---nor would it be simply a war between the lust of ambition on the one hand, and the determination to stay the course of a too powerful Autocrat on the other---it would be largely a war of principles---a war of peoples against their oppressors, led on by England and France. In the commencement of the war in this aspect the Despots would have on the Danube the advantage---they could pour along the banks of that river four hundred thousand armed men. For a time the combined armies of Turkey, France, and England might be compelled to act on the defensive, and be content with defending the fortresses and passes that bar the way to Constantinople. But as the war proceeded Britain would be driven by the sad necessities of the case to appeal to the peoples that g oan beneath the yoke of Austria and Russia.

The Rhenish Provinces of Prussia would at once fall into the hands of France. A few British ships of war in the Adriatic Gulf, and twenty thousand French troops in Italy, combined with the Sardinian army, would enable all Lombardy to rise in insurrection upon its Austrian tyrants—the women-floggers of Vienna of ignobly scourged out of the valley of the Po—Milan and Venice would again lift up their heads—the gondola would glide joyously beneath the arch of the Rialto—and on the lagoons of the city “throne on her hundred isles”—while the pæans of freedom would be re-echoed from the fretted roof of the Church of St. Ambrose. Hungary that lifted up her voice in vain to the old world and to the new, when the swarm of Northern locusts was stripping her of “every green thing,” and driving her, bleeding at every pore, to the feet of Hapsburg tyranny—Hungary will bound with joy at the summons of Kossuth and Liberty, when Kossuth and Liberty shall be aided with English gold, armed with English steel, and succoured by English heroes on the field of blood. Dreaming Germany will throw aside her books, and rush forth from her cloisters, when the voice of a kindred people, rolling over from Anglo-Saxon isles, shall call upon her sons to hasten to the battle-field to fight for the long-violated liberties of the Fatherland. Sweden, rejoicing in the opportunity of recovering some of her stolen provinces, wrested from her in disastrous days by the Russian Bear, will strike manfully for Finland. The broken-hearted patriots of Poland will cease their wailing, and “gird themselves with gladness.” The spirit of Kosciuszko, the mournful genius of their dismembered land, will seem to the eyes of now despairing Polish warriors to beckon them on to victory or death in the final attempt to free their native soil from the tyrants of the earth. The conquered Moslems and Chris-

tians of Persian provinces, the brave children of Georgia, and the daring Circassians, handsomest of human kind, will strike for their deliverance from Muscovite sway. Perhaps Persia will be induced to seek vengeance for former defeats at the Russian's hands. All Europe will be deluged in blood.

When this awful flood shall have subsided, Italy may take her place among powerful nations as a united and enfranchised country—Germany may be reconstructed into a puissant Empire with constitutional guarantees—Sweden may with Denmark become a great Northern Power as it formerly was—France may have extended her boundary to the Rhine—Poland may have come out of her grave, wakened to vigorous life—Hungary may have gained independence and extension of territory—Russia shorn of many provinces, many ports and all her navies, be no longer a terror to the nations—Austria and Prussia may have perished—England in possession of Candia, paramount in the Mediterranean—and Turkey re-entering upon her career of progress, justifying the interest felt upon her behalf, and the lavish expenditure of blood and treasure made for her preservation. It thus appears that if Austria and Prussia, or Austria without Prussia, take the part of the Czar, a general and protracted war must inevitably ensue—that in a general war there will be a general outburst of popular enthusiasm for freedom; and a general overturn of Continental dynasties and Kingdoms. Aided by the people I have referred to, there can be no reasonable doubt, I think, but France, England and Turkey will emerge from the bloody struggle triumphant.

We may then conclude that if Austria and Prussia make common cause with the other Western Powers, the strife will be short and comparatively bloodless—if Prussia and Austria remain strictly neutral, the war will be longer, but certain to issue

in the discomfiture of Prussia—if Prussia and Austria side with Russia, the struggle will be terrible but decisive, and these two Powers will have sealed their own destruction. A short time will determine what position these governments will finally assume.

I have thus indicated my own opinion that under any contingencies likely to occur, Turkey will not fall by the hand of Russia. It does not follow therefrom that the Turkish Empire will preserve its present form, or its present dynasty. Mahomedanism has long been on the decline; and certain measures lately adopted will still further weaken its influence. The capitation tax upon the Christian population has been remitted—Christians will of necessity be drawn into the ranks of the Ottoman armies. Christian testimony will be admitted before Moslem courts of justice, which was not formerly the case. The vast revenues which filled the coffers of the Mosques will be appropriated to the use of the state. Protestant missionaries and Protestant influences will everywhere throughout Turkey be multiplied, and perhaps vast accessions made to Protestant communities. The scattered sons of Jacob may possibly return to their ancient home; and beneath Jewish industry the hills and vales of the Holy Land “may laugh for joy and also sing.” The crescent may gradually wane and vanish before the cross—the son of Othman himself may become Christian. Constantinople may yet be renowned as the venerable capital of confederated, emancipated and progressive states. The German puppet that is enthroned at Athens will never sway a Byzantine sceptre at Istamboul.

The nations of Europe are repenting the lavish sympathy which was thrown away upon the Greek patriots thirty years ago. Greece is but the shadow of a mighty name. There is no probability even if Turkey, torn by faction should fall to

pieces, that a Greek Empire could ever be resuscitated at Constantinople. Should Turkey fall, England herself with her mighty fleets might retain possession of the Golden Horn—a stream of Anglo-Saxon immigration might plant the English power and name along the Hellespont, and arts and Commerce might again flourish in Ionia.

But it appears most probable that the political life of Turkey will be indefinitely protracted—that protected from northern rapacity, and imbued with the European spirit of enterprize—gradually permeated by the influence of a purer Christianity than she has known since the days of St. John Chrysostom, her institutions liberalized—her rugged features rounded into form—her people swept onward with the current of progress—Turkey may yet take the stand among civilized nations to which her wondrous natural resources, if fully developed, and her unrivalled position, if improved, would entitle her. Nevertheless it may be the inscrutable purpose of the King of Kings to permit the northern Autocrat to triumph—to absorb Turkey—to overwhelm Persia—to drive the gallant troops of France and England into the sea—to sweep from the Ocean the mighty armaments of the Queen of the seas—to lead the northern serf, the rude Cossack, and the wild Tartar, to the shores of the Atlantic; while the despairing patriots of Continental Europe shall pine away in Siberian deserts or bleed beneath the laceration of the Russian knout,—all this may yet be, though I believe it not. But should these terrible calamities befall mankind, the sons of Britain will not stay long to weep useless tears over the dust of Alfred, of Hampden and Chatham—at the tombs of Nelson and Wellington and Napier—they will gather up their sacred relics and their immortal memories, and passing over the seas, will pour themselves into the boundless territories held by

their mighty kindred, where under happier auspices, they will reconstruct a mightier Anglo Saxon Empire, which will laugh to scorn all the despots of the earth, and in some favorable hour break in pieces their hated rule.

ier auspices,
Saxon Em-
e despots of
r break in